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the *Hawk's Nest* landscape, where tree-tops alone tell of a hollow and a stream in the middle distance, and by the lighting of tree-tops alone the perspective is admirably rendered.

Because I am of those who think that the Spanish school has the best traditions

of figure painting, I am the freer to say that the picture entitled *Boys* is, in manner, modern Spanish. The famously good *Tanis*, however, a portrait of a child in the sunshine against an outdoor background, withdraws from classification to enter class.



Sentiment and the Fine Arts

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THE *Literary Digest* of February 24, 1917, quotes Mr. William Jennings Bryan as saying that four pictures had greatly influenced his life. He had been converted to woman suffrage by Bodenhause's *Madonna*, to temperance by Hovenden's *Breaking Home Ties*, and to pacifism by the *Apotheosis of War*, and Munkacsy's *Christ before Pilate*. These were far-reaching results. There was little left to be converted to, save spiritism and homœopathy.

Mr. Bryan's experience illustrates on a large scale the triumph of sentiment, the truth, so coldly ignored by critics, that painting and music play a dual part, delighting the trained eye and ear by their intrinsic merit, and the emotionally receptive by the force of association which is wholly independent of any artistic quality. Judged by the unrelenting standards of art, Bodenhause's *Madonna* is meretricious; logically it is disconnected with the franchise; but, in the recesses of Mr. Bryan's mind, this picture linked itself with the demand of American women for the ballot. And he had the courage to say so.

Two historic instances of men who were profoundly moved by arts of which they were profoundly ignorant are Hawthorne and Sir Walter Scott. Hawthorne knew nothing about painting and sculpture. Scott knew nothing about music. Both derived powerful and pleasurable emotions from the linking of heroic or tragic events with pictures and with songs. Hawthorne, as Mr. Brownell tersely observes, never found out—even in the enlightening atmosphere of Italy—what art was. That it had "a particular province, language and sanction of its own," did not for a moment occur to him. Consequently he had no hesitation in imparting his ignorance to the world. Scott who lived a larger life, and had a wide acquaintance with its pastimes and penalties, was aware of what he lacked. He said with disarming frankness that he could not tell what harmony attained because he had no idea what it was aiming at.

Nevertheless, few men surpassed Sir Walter in the enjoyment which is derived from the wedding of words to an air, as in a ballad; or from the wedding of both words and air to a cause, as in a Jacobite

song. Where his imagination was fired, music fed the flame. And, as became a lover of romance, he held it to be the legitimate province of all the fine arts to stir human passions, "and alleviate the near, unquiet feelings of the mind"—a very significant phrase. Even in his far-off day, technique had begun to master other values; but he stoutly maintained that, as long as man stayed man, "the nobler and more popular end would never be obliterated."

Thanks to his innate modesty, as well as to his knowledge of the world, Scott refrained from committing himself to didacticism, from venturing to criticize where he felt himself to be ignorant. Hawthorne had no such diffidence. He unhesitatingly pronounced a painting in the Barberini palace to be one of the great masterpieces of the world, partly because he believed it to be the work of Guido Reni, and partly because he believed it to be the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, the story of whose measureless tragedy had seized upon his vivid and sombre fancy. These were good and sufficient reasons for his own enjoyment; but they offered an inadequate basis for criticism. He passionately admired Mr. Story's statue of Cleopatra, because he had gotten it into his head that this was what the Macedonian lady looked like, and he called on his countrymen to admire it for the same inadmissible reason. He was not alone in being more interested in the subject of a work of art than in its execution. Mr. Story himself objected to Allori's beautiful Judith, because he felt sure that the Jewish heroine had a different cast of countenance. Ruskin, who could never resist reading into a picture more than the artist thought or knew, spent a great deal of time in proving to his own satisfaction that Botticelli's *Judith* conformed to the Biblical narrative, and that the slayer of Holofernes went dancing back to the Isrealitish camp like a care-free Queen of May.

The sentimentalism of Great Britain has impressed itself upon modern British

art. The pictures that tell a story are the popular pictures, reproductions of which hang in thousands of homes. They may tell it with commendable restraint, as in Orchardson's *Her Mother's Voice*, or they may wallow in the inane. The *Baby Come to Supper* school of art in England corresponds with the Department Store school of art (*vide* "The Apotheosis of War") in the United States. Perhaps it is the extraordinary beauty of English children (*Non Angli sed Angeli*) combined with the Englishman's extraordinary love for dogs which has strewn the country with pictures of which dogs and children are the component parts. A baby and a puppy are apt to be disturbing factors in life, but in art they offer a combination which never seems to pall. The best that can be said for such paintings is that they are free from "cultural value," an alarming phrase with which Americans are becoming sadly familiar. After all, pleasure is the goal of art, and the pleasure of the ignorant is a vital thing. The lessons taught by very lovely pictures are oft-times of the simplest. "*Cela prêche la population*," said Diderot, gazing at the opulent charms of Greuze's *La Mère Bien-Aimée*.

Mr. Galsworthy has assured us that the emotions excited by art should be impersonal emotions, the leaping of the soul to the ideal. He is also comfortably convinced that war could not exist in a world, "the most of whose dwellers had a sense of beauty." The art he has in mind is of course the great mistress of the centuries, not the handmaiden of simple men. Nor does it concern him that the vibrations of the human heart respond to a host of associations in the human brain. Napoleon was forced to forbid the playing of the *Ranz des Vaches* because the Swiss soldiers who heard it deserted. The air was meant to be a lively and pleasurable stimulus; but its hearers dilated with the wrong emotions, and became pacifists on the spot. It was home-sickness, not the incompatibility of war and music which disturbed them. The history of Italy shows us beauty

walking hand in hand with bloodshed. The seven thousand miniature revolutions, and the seven hundred miniature massacres, with which the Italian states recreated themselves during the Middle Ages (the figures are Villari's) seem to have made their surviving citizens singularly sensitive to art. They went on fighting with unabated fervour through the centuries of their superb supremacy.

As for the action of the world's great war upon the world's great art, it is a theme too vast for easy handling. It was said in the spring of 1915 that the Quartier Latin had ceased to produce, having nothing which breathless humanity could pause to look at. Death took its toll of artists; and month after month saw the blighting of hope, as men died with their work undone. Mr. Pennell, an acute but not a sanguine observer, says plainly that new inspiration—as a result of the conflict—is not to be hoped for. Yet if national fervor was fed by the simplicities of art, by the cartoon, the verses of the trench, the "half articulate songs" that set the soldier's blood a tingling, it is reasonable to believe that the high tide of human passion will not ebb before impregnating a lethargic world with fresh creative force. Rodin, brooding over the darkest hour, and minimizing no peril or calamity, spoke with heroic assurance of the future: "Our young soldiers and our old cathedrals fall that there may flourish again a youth, pure, ardent, healthy, hostile to materialism, keen for spirituality; and that a renewed and sublime art may spring from the soil washed and fertilized by blood."

The admitted and very noble province of criticism is to help the uncritical to enjoy. That it seldom accomplishes its purpose is due to its knowledge being so greatly in excess of its sympathy. Criticism is based on coherent and determinable principles; but enjoyment defies analysis. When Madame du Deffand said that she found music "more importunate than agreeable," she expressed with vigor a sentiment which is commonly concealed. Music *is* importunate. It

assails you if you venture within ear-shot, and its influence is more potent than that of painting or sculpture because it has the impetus of attack. When Sydney Smith wrote: "Nothing can be more disgusting than an oratorio. How absurd to see five hundred people fiddling like madmen about the Israelites in the Red Sea!" He was moved to this outbreak of temper by his outraged sense of association. Taking no delight in fiddling *per se*, his distaste deepened into disgust at being asked to connect it arbitrarily with a Biblical narrative. It is pleasant to fancy Madame du Deffand dining in a New York hotel, where the duel between music and conversation is fought every night to a finish; or Sydney Smith reading the words of a distinguished musical critic who praises Richard Strauss because he has succeeded in drenching "purely orchestral compositions with a particular kind of philosophic thought."

What conversation and the written word are to the intellect, art is to the emotions, a means of communication, a channel through which flows, deep and strong, the current of human feeling. The Jacobite songs illustrate historically this vivid truth. There are scores of them, sad and gay, haunting and hilarious. Their words and their airs are correspondingly simple. They stood for a lost cause, ruined fortunes, and battle fields strewn with the young dead, who were not then called "boys," because manhood came at a bound. And for three generations they served to keep alive a sentiment strong enough to impel fealty and invite disaster. They were an inspiration when hope ran high, and a sorrowful memory to the exile who "pined by Arno" for his Scottish streams. Mr. Mr. Henry Savage Landor tells us of mountain tribesmen in Thibet who sing all their songs to one air, thus narrowing their musical area, and simplifying the task of tribal poets. Think what sensations that air would awaken in the breast of a mountaineer whom fate had flung into the burning lowlands, and who should

hear it from some sad brother as the long day sank to rest.

To look without seeing, is as common as to listen without hearing. Our periodicals are full of sermons on "Music as a Feature of Social Reform," and "The Influence of Art in Character Building." Their readers wander in an arid land, unfertilized by taste or by sentiment. The highest enjoyment comes to those

who know what is really good and what is really great. They are the elect, the saving and exalted minority. A sincere, if unauthorized, enjoyment comes to those who do not know, but who are so fortunate as to feel. "There are three things," said Fontenelle, "which I have never understood, but which I have always loved; painting, music and women."



Some Chinese Dogs—Pekingese and Chow

BY T. C. TURNER



It would be safe to say that not one of the fifty odd different breeds of dogs has ever achieved so marked a degree of popularity in so short a period as our charming little friend the Pekingese.

Fifty years ago the dog was hardly known outside his native land, China. In fact little was even known of him even there beyond the knowledge of those who had seen him by reason of their special privilege of access to the grounds of the Imperial palaces, for this little fellow is not, as some have believed, the common dog of China, but a specially reared and carefully protected breed, the choice of

Emperors and Empresses. His general name is, indeed, that of "Royal palace dog," or "Sacred temple dog."

It was not until the looting of the Imperial Palace at Peking in 1860 that any known specimens of the dog had left China. At that time Admiral Lord John Hay and General Dunne secured three of these dogs, one of which was presented by them to the late Queen Victoria. This marked its introduction into Europe. Many years elapsed before any further importations of the Pekingese were secured. Later stray specimens were brought across the seas through the influence of those having extensive busi-